

shiver by luminaryestuary

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Summary:

“Are you just going to stare at me all day?” She wanted her question to come out coy, seductive, but her voice betrayed her – turning it into a low whisper that sounded somewhat shaky.

“I don’t know,” he teased, one corner of his mouth turning up into a smirk. “Maybe. It’s a nice view.”

One-Shot, Post-Season 2. PWP.

shiver

Today was different.

Joyce wasn't always a fan of "different".

Different meant change, and change... well.

Any big changes usually threw her way off balance, and right now she was teetering on the brink between giddy excitement and paralyzing nervousness.

She looked up at Hopper, smiling, hoping that her grin hid how urgently her heart was pounding in her chest.

"Are you just going to stare at me all day?" She wanted her question to come out coy, seductive, but her voice betrayed her – turning it into a low whisper that sounded somewhat shaky.

C'mon Joyce, she groaned inwardly. You used to be good at this sort of thing.

"I don't know," he teased, one corner of his mouth turning up into a smirk. "Maybe. It's a nice view."

They were alone together for the first time in weeks, something she'd been keenly aware of from the moment he'd knocked on the front door.

She'd been alone with him plenty of times over the past two years, of course, but one day she found that something else had taken the place of the friendship they'd managed to re-kindle.

It was a strange kind of tension – faint and confusing at first, growing in intensity as time passed. She'd spent several days thinking she was absolutely out of her mind; it was too soon after Bob, she had Will to worry about, and life didn't feel quite normal, just yet.

Then one day she'd been chatting with him in the kitchen. He grinned at her, and then she'd just kissed him, an innocent peck on the lips.

He'd turned bright red – even the tips of his ears were pink. She'd been surprised at how natural it felt.

Since then, they'd managed to steal a few brief moments of intimacy from their busy schedules, but too many factors had come into play – the kids, plans, and work, among others.

Somehow they'd ended up here, today, by themselves, with more than a few hours where they would be uninterrupted.

They'd been sharing a laugh about a stupid memory from high school, one of the first real, uninhibited laughs she'd had in ages. He'd reached out and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, harmless, his knuckle grazing her cheek; she'd stilled and given him that *look*—

Now he had her trapped with her back against the sink, his hands on her hips. Her fingers were lightly resting on his belt buckle. That familiar heat had flared to life in her belly, spreading out and down – down between her legs and all the way to her toes.

Hopper was still gazing at her like he was enjoying the moment a little too much, so she tugged on the end of his belt, freeing it from the loop.

His eyebrows shot halfway up his forehead, his jaw dropping slightly. This tickled her in a way she couldn't describe, mostly because she didn't really know where she got the courage to pull that stunt.

"If you're just going to stand there eyeballing me, I figure I'll get things started," she said, capturing that confident little smirk from him and wearing it herself.

He recovered just enough to form words. "Are you sure you—"

"Yes," she replied, cutting him off. "More than sure." She pulled the leather strap nearly free of the buckle, then stopped, carefully watching his face.

His large hands closed around her wrists, and there it was – the marked shift from friendly and teasing to lustful and wanting. She could always tell with him – it was obvious, from the darkening of

his eyes to the change in his breathing.

They were precariously close to a breaking point.

“So,” she said, her tone on the edge of provoking, “you’re going to kiss me now, right?”

He kissed her before she could even finish speaking, forcefully, his hand cupping the back of her head and tangling in her hair. She didn’t have time to think as her lips parted, and they nearly bumped teeth before he licked into her mouth. He was warm and insistent and entirely overwhelming, his presence pressing at the edges of an emptiness inside her that she hadn’t realized was there.

He still remembered where she liked to be touched – the small of her back, the sides of her neck, the hollows of her collarbones. She felt him tremble slightly in between ragged breaths, and she didn’t know if it was from nerves or need, but she didn’t care.

They broke apart for a moment. He rested his forehead against hers, his fingers underneath her shirt, skimming along where the waist of her jeans met her skin. It sent shivers racing up her spine.

“Bedroom?” she asked, her voice almost too loud in the silence of the house, and she saw him swallow thickly before nodding.

She led him there, and he followed. They stared at each other once the door was closed, and if there was going to be an awkward moment, it would be now – but there wasn’t one, and then he was kissing her again, deep and deeper still. Her eyes slid halfway shut as her hands reached for that goddamn belt.

He let her slide it through the belt loops of his jeans; she let him tug her shirt over her head. The pace in discarding their clothing was rushed, to the point that she still had her bra and socks on when he pulled her onto the bed with him.

Joyce put her hands on his chest and pushed him back, heard his breath catch in his throat when she straddled him. He was clearly not used to this, and while she’d normally yield to his direction, she was impatient – there was no time for soft and slow and sweet.

They were probably both a little rusty at making love right now, anyway.

She settled herself onto him, and he grasped at her thighs tightly, hissing through his teeth. She rocked back a bit, smirking at the stuttered groan that escaped him. Something in the back of her mind enjoyed the subversion – big Jim Hopper at the mercy of tiny Joyce Byers.

Then he thrust upward, the force of it making her gasp, and after that it was very difficult to think clearly at all.

It didn't take long to adjust to a fluid rhythm; they were still familiar in this way, even though it had been years since they'd last joined together. Somewhere in the fevered rise and fall of their hips, she reached down to touch herself. He narrowed his eyes at that, his stormy gaze intense and almost stricken. She dimly realized that he was trying to hold off, and beginning to fail.

Something about the look on his face brought her right up to that blinding edge and tipped her over; her orgasm spiraled outward hard and fast, incandescent, every single nerve in her body lighting up at once. She only cried out once, his first name tumbling breathlessly out of her, then bit her lip so hard it almost bled.

"Fuck, I'm— I can't—" he ground out, because the sight of her shivering with euphoria must have been more than enough to bring him over with her. His bruising grip on her hips was staccato sharp, his thrusts fierce and punishing as he came. He never looked away – those dark blue eyes of his remained focused on hers, reverent and admiring, and she felt painfully, achingly vulnerable and powerful at the same time.

He drew her down to his chest when the wild thrum of her pulse subsided; said her name on a stilted breath. She liked the way it sounded.

She curled into his side afterward, the fading echo of arousal still circling the surface her skin, his heartbeat slowing beneath her fingertips.

“Can’t say I was expecting that,” Hopper said, his voice rough.

Joyce laughed.

He kissed her again, gently this time.

Today was different.

She didn’t mind.

Author's Note:

- i. I'm going to blame StarMaamMke for this one. :)
- ii. This is probably closer to Mature rather than Explicit, but I'm playing it safe rating-wise.